BOZART

and

Contemporary Verse

Combining JAPM *and The Oracle*

Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK

JULY-AUGUST, 1934

We are going to make every ounce
And every gallon of water
That flows from the heavens
And the hills
Count
Before it makes its way
Down to the Gulf of Mexico.

(Extract from a speech by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, August 6, 1934, at Devil's Lake, North Dakota, and referring to the dam at Fort Peck on the upper Missouri.)

VOL. VII. No. 6

B O Z A R T

and

Contemporary Verse

Combining JAPM and The Oracle

Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK

Published six times a year at Oglethorpe University, Georgia.

WIGHTMAN F. MELTON, PH.D. . . . . Editor

OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY PRESS . . . . Publisher

Vol. VII JULY-AUGUST No. 6

Prizes Offered

"In memory of Ernest Hartsock," donated by Cora Smith Gould—a $25.00 prize for the best poem in each issue of BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE, to be awarded by ballot—provided elsewhere in this magazine.

Mrs. E. Bates Block, Town Chairman (Atlanta), Colonial Dames of America, offers a cash prize of $25.00 for the best sonnet published in BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE during the calendar year 1934. The judges to be nationally known poets.

Mrs. J. B. Francis Hereshoff, an official of the Atlanta Womans Club, and affectionately remembered as Irma Grey Ridley, of Huntsville, Alabama, offers the "Sidney Lanier Poetry Prize" of $25.00 for the best poem on a tree, or trees, published in BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE during the calendar year, 1934. The judges to be nationally known poets.

(For other prizes, see inside of back cover).

CONTENTS, JULY-AUGUST, 1934

YOUNG MOTHER
Adelaide Love 33

COUNTRY WEDDING
Lefa Morse Eddy 33

PINE MAGIC
Audrey Robeson 34

SOUTHERN PINES
Daisy Arnold Maude 34

ON A DESERT PINE
Althea Bass 35

SINGED WINGS
Elsie F. Filippi 35

TREES
J. A. K. Combs 36

THREE CYPRESS TREES
Adeline Ray Burroughs 36

WOODS REVISITED
Alan Creighton 37

STARS THROUGH OLD FIELD PINES, *Essie M. Carmichael* 37

VARIABLE GUEST
Peggy Hoffman 37

TREE AT BAY
Carl K. Bomberger 38

CASTLES IN THE AIR
Marie D'Autremont Gerry 38

BREVITY
Pearle R. Casey 38

COPYRIGHT 1934 BY THE OGLETHORPE PRESS

Entered as second class matter, November 1930, at the Post Office at Oglethorpe University, Ga., under the Act of Congress of Mar. 3, 1879.

Contents, July-August, 1934

MOTHS IN THE GARDEN OF NIGHT, *Ralph Cheyney* 3
TO EARNEST HARTSOCK *Charles Dickson, Jr.* 4
ANCIENT SEA *Florida Watts Smyth* 5
SEA MOOD *Gladys Merritt Archer* 5
NOW DO I PRAISE OLD SINGERS OF THE SEA *Janef Newman Preston* 7
OLD SEA *Lillian M. Pierce* 7
TO THE GULLS *Edward L. Christie* 8
I HAVE NOT LEFT THE SEA *Mrs. A. B. Brown* 8
SUMMER IN THE CITY *Winona Montgomery Gilliland* 9
DROUGHT *Elenore Lee White* 9
THE BOY AND THE SUMMER STORM, *Hubert Creekmore* 10
CITY SUNSET *David Edward Ungar* 10
TROPIC SUNSET *Otto Freund* 11
SUN TRACK *Rena Sheffield* 11
LANDSCAPE *Josephine E. Phillips* 12
THE BY-WAY *Darleen Barker Niehaus* 12
WHEN TWILIGHT COMES *Hildegarde Fried Dreps* 13
HEREAFTER *Wightman F. Melton* 13
I CANNOT TELL *Frances Davis Adams* 14
ARIZONA DESERT *Nell Griffith Wilson* 14
LONGWOOD *Hattie M. Finlay* 15
LONGING *Alta Ferrell* 15
FAREWELL TO CARDIGAN *Edith B. Spaulding* 16
THE BEAUTY THAT WAS *Dortha Knapp Killian* 16
GOD WALKS WITHIN OUR GARDEN, *Frances Kroese* 17
METONGA *Eleanor McLain Shanahan* 17
NIGHTFALL *Angela Lusk* 17
PARABLE *Geoffrey Johnson* 18
THE WORM'S INHERITANCE *Florence Wilson Roper* 18
ENCHANTED DAY *Mary B. Ward* 19
WHEN STARS HANG LOW *Eugenia T. Finn* 19
REQUIEM *Cora-Paxton Stewart* 20
TO VIRGINIA CLEMM AND HER CAT, *Nora H. Mahon* 20
POETRY *Ada M. Fitts* 21
LYRE AND LANTERN *Dorothy Callaway* 21
YOUR EYES ARE BLUE *Anne-Elise Roane Winter* 22
"AUF WIEDERSEHEN" *Rose Schnitman* 22
LONGING *Harry W. Fauver* 23
EXPERIENCE *Reba Maxwell Avery* 23
MOMENT IN ETERNITY *Pauline F. Geffen* 24
REVELATION *Elinor Lennen* 24
HANDS *Ruth Gonzer* 25
WEDLOCK *Lolly Williams* 25
LITTLE HOUSE *Catharine M. Albright* 26
PROPHECY *Aline B. Carter* 27
TIME HANGS, A CLOUD *Ruth Averitte* 27
VIOLIN *L. Neille Shoemaker* 28
CONTENT *Ruth Forbes Sherry* 28
PAEAN TO MOTION *E. Ernest Murrell* 29
PIONEER *Frances Alexander* 29
TREASURES *Rose Myra Phillips* 30
BEAUTY BEYOND *Frank E. Palmer* 30
QUATRAIN *John Homer Dye* 30
THE CARRIER DOVE *L. Logan Kean* 31
CHAIN OF DREAMS *Hilda Butler Farr* 31
FAME *Florence E. Milcke* 32
REMINISCENCE *Elsye Tash Sater* 32
PALIMPSEST *Irene Wilde* 32

The Editor's Salon

Is there tonic in a tune? Do some songs depress and others strengthen?

Some years ago the Rev. H. R. Haweis, in his "Musical Memories," predicted that music would become a powerful and acknowledged therapeutic. He also declared that there are certain moods of exhausted feeling in which certain kinds of music act like poison, while other kinds of music soothe and lubricate worn nerve centers.

The story of David's playing his harp before the crazy Saul and thus restoring the mad king to mental health, antedates the discovery of science that music stimulates the physical functions and heightens the mental activities; but we must not forget that David sang, as well as played, and that it was the songs—the poems—that strengthened the king, possibly even more than the music.

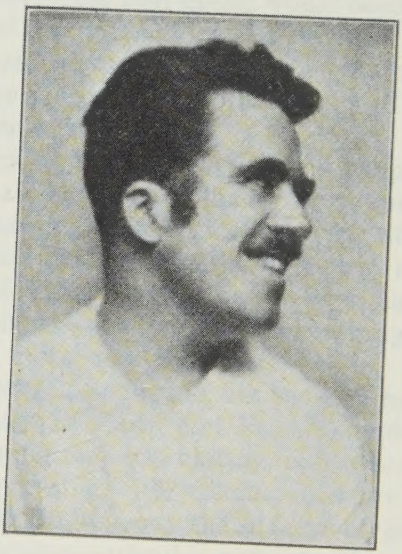
Dr. William S. Sadler, in his book on health and disease, "The Psychology of Faith and Fear," enumerates songs that are strengthening and stimulating, and others that are weakening and depressing. He conducted many experiments for the purpose of finding out the effects of different types of music—song-poems—upon his patients who were sick in body or mind.

Allowing for a patient's appreciation of music, his or her surroundings, and the personal associations (memories, etc.) Dr. Sadler found that music (poems sung) will increase the blood pressure, quicken or retard the pulse beat, effect the breathing, and depress or heighten the mental activities; but, for himself and others who conducted experiments of this character, he says: "We find that a certain piece of music (song-poem) will produce stimulating and exciting effects in one patient, while it products sedative and relaxing effects in others."

(Continued on page 39)

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bozart_july-august-1934_7_6



RALPH CHEYNEY,
Poet Laureate of Pennsylvania

Moths In The Gardens Of Night

Poised on the mountain's pinnacle,
See, the moon is a moth,
A palpitant moth, oh cynical,
Keeping luminous troth.
Moths, too, lured by the fragrance
Nostalgic with cries from the past,
The poets are quivering vagrants
Adrift in the thunderous vast.
Mist and melody mingle
As slumber is dripping from the trees
While their songs are distilled as if single
With dew and the Pleiades.
Gardens of night have a magic
As smooth as the throat of a bell,
But in gardens of night a tragic
Drama is played out of hell.
For the night is so heavy with sobbing
Of desperate women and men
That the pulse to which poems are throbbing
Is fevered again and again.
Joy is but seldom abounding
While grief is but rarely afar
And truth is a bugle sounding
A challenge to things as they are.
Graceful the moths as they ramble
Though grace seems an insult to grief
And beauty a summons to bramble
And moth less secure than a leaf.
Stars may be specks on the flittering
Wings of the night that's a moth,
But the poets have heard of a glittering
Greater than gold-fabled cloth,
Heard of a butterflly coming,
The infinite butterfly: light—
And the poets' wings are drumming
A tocsin through gardens of night.

Day will discover them perished,
Forgotten their feathery forms,
But the flowers of beauty they cherished
Outliving the night with its storms.
Then the butterflies pirouetting
In gardens of generous day:
The poets beyond our regretting
Will dazzle, more lovely than they.
Basking beyond our sorrow,
Delighting in butterflies,
All will honor the poets tomorrow,
Seeing with day-opened eyes.

Pennsylvania —RALPH CHEYNEY

To Earnest Hartsock

On Reading Strange Splendor

Your restless atomies, O splendid boy,
Too long confined in one corporeal frame
And yearning for the swift ecstatic joy
Of unimpeded flight through cosmic flame,
Have burst their chrysalid of crawling clay
To beat the ether with immortal wing
From black abyss to hissing star; to stay
In ecstasy to hear the Pleiads sing.

Your heritage to earth of golden rime,
Immortal as your liberated dust,
Will sweep its pinions down the wind of time,
Unsullied by our arrant, mortal lust.
Your fancy was not earth-bound: from afar
You knew the wild, strange splendor of a star.

Georgia —CHARLES DICKSON, JR.

Ancient Sea

From the last reef, the fabulous
Blue of the sea creeps in to us.
The month of the year, the day
Of the week are things lost in the sand. We
Are fresh from the smoothness of sea,
Drowned in sun.
Our fingers stretch to the gray
Clumps of sea-lavender
That root at the edge of the dune.
Our fingers move to stir
The mobile sand; our minds are lost in the fabulous blue,
Lost in the shifting of sand
Since the ancient sea dropped away from the land.
Only a fathom or two
Has the shore heaved up since then—
Only a fathom or two—we are still amphibian.

Missouri —FLORIDA WATTS SMYTH

Sea Mood

Strange, far thunder of impassioned seas,
Ebbing tides that lave old mysteries;
Haunting dusk whose feet are sandalled song
Sculpturing memories as they run along
The whispering beach to yesterday; the moon
Now drops her quivering net of silver; soon
Forgotten dreams, enmeshed stardust, desire
Flash across a path of pale moonfire.

Alone, I hear no earthly music save
Salt-scented wind and rush of frothy wave,
Unless it be the beating of my heart
In answer to each pulsing breaker: part
Of infinity where deeply gashed soul-scars
Burn to white peace in the healing flame of stars.

Kentucky —GLADYS MERRITT ARCHER

Now Do I Praise Old Singers of the Sea

Now do I praise old singers of the sea,
Whose bodies are but dust upon the wind,
But whose strong music will eternally
Beat with a deathless beauty in the mind.
Their plangent syllables can set to flying
With seaward birds a heart in prison hills
Born hungry for the waves and for the crying
Of gulls that skim before the bellied sails.
Though foot be bound unto the furrowed loam,
Winged thought can ride the glistening back
Of dolphin diving through the emerald foam
That scatters light along a dark ploughed track.
The passion of sea wanderers drowned in time
Throbs in the lovers of their thundering rhyme.

Gone are the galleys from the blue Aegean,
And gone the lofty singers of their glory;
But now unto their muse I lift this paean,
For late in time I heard a timeless story
Of mariners who matched the towering wave
With towering strength, though splintered were their spars,
And of the sea god's voice sent forth to save
Them from the billows surging to the stars.
Who loves old tales shall look on Neptune's horses
Shaking their manes in blue sea-meadows blown
To glittering light, and hurried from their courses
The winds forgathering at old Triton's horn.
Though singers must go forth upon the tide
That turns no more, their music will abide.
But nearer to my blood are northern lays,

Bound in the rugged rhythms of a bard
Who proudly heaped upon sea heroes praise
For fearless deeds when on the deep they fared.
"Gewat tha ofer waegholm winde gefysed
Flota familheals fugle gelicost" . . . I heard
How darted over the wave-way, wind releaséd,
The foam flecked floater flying like a bird
Or how the drenched prow drove through weltering waves,
While loud the heaving surge's heavy pounding
Beat the well-tarred bark,—in watery caves
The hollow booming of the billows sounding.
The stern sea-music that old bards have sung
Can make a man taste salt upon his tongue.

Georgia —Janef Newman Preston

Old Sea

"And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered unto one place, and let the dry land appear." Genesis 1:9

Before we were, you rolled and pitched with ease.
No yellow moon nor blinking stars nor sun
Yet shone or lent their aid, or smiled upon
You rolling, pitching round the globe, to please
Your restless urge. (There was no here, no there.)
To swell, to ebb, to flow with lipping wave
On wave; advance, retreat,—all one— to lave
No shore, no rocks; to come and go nowhere.

Do you, Old Sea, resent created land,
That we have room, somewhere to thrive and grow,
Our puny minds to plot your overthrow?
A land that curbs, confines, restrains with sand;
A here, a there for you to storm with rage,
Your smile sardonic after each rampage?

Georgia —Lillian M. Pierce

To The Gulls

I am quite envious of gulls that fly
Over a shoreless turbulence of sea
Where they proclaim the storm-god's sovereignty
With harsh reiteration of his cry.
When thunder demons revel, they soar high
Into a universe where they are free
Above the waves that shout incessantly,
Calm in the bold assurance of the sky.
They seem untouched by all terrestrial care
Who wander where the night and morning meet;
They have their sepulchre in purest air,
And all the stars adorn their winding sheet;
They never know love's exquisite despair
Or taste the sadness of its bitter-sweet.

Ohio —EDWARD L. CHRISTIE

I Have Not Left The Sea

Though miles of land may stretch between,
I have not left the sea;
Its mighty strength is evermore
A living part of me.

Its ceaseless waves will cleanse my soul
Of all its sluggish ways;
Its far horizons lead me on
In service through the days.

Its gleaming shore will hold me fast,
Should doubts and fears arise;
Its coral reefs will form for me,—
In beauty and surprise.

Its quiet depth will help me bear
Life's grimest, darkest hour;
Its constant tides will make me know
I have a Source of Power.

Georgia —MRS. A. B. BROWN

Summer In The City

Dawn strikes, a clanging bell, and day leaps up,
A fevered metallist, who madly pours
His molten copper from a brimming cup
Upon the city; over all my floors
The bright wave, gliding, deepens till its crawls
About my knees, then rises to my breast,
Engulfing me. But when the twilight falls,
I watch the slim moon-sickle climb the west:
She reaps and spreads the ripened stars to dry,
Then, raking them into a glowing swath
That stretches slantwise all across the sky,
She slips away—a dim, ethereal wraith.
A light breath lifts the leaves; a cricket sings;
And Beauty fans me with her gauzy wings.

Indiana —WINONA MONTGOMERY GILLILAND

Drought

I saw my wilting flowers die,
And watered them in vain;
It wasn't just a drink they sought—
Relief from scorching pain—
I rather think they needed love:
The love that falls in rain.

I watched my flowers, lifting heads
To meet an empty sky;
And saw them wither; while the sun
Went searing, heedless, by.
—Human care is not enough—
Without the rain, things die.

Iowa —ELENORE LEE WHITE

The Boy and the Summer Storm

Wild winds from faraway trees breathe out
a melancholy dust that sifts its coat
over my soul. Streaming madly about
my head, swirling through my hair, remote
drugs of strange unknown desires that crawl
like eddies of water bewitched before my eyes,
choke my throat and senses . . . Winds call
over black houses, and whip the turbulent skies.
The streets are dead and empty where they lie
beneath the mottled moon. I curse the winds
for being. I covet things I cannot name.
And in my searching doubt, a quivering cry;
"What do you restless want? God never sends
to any man a soul that he can tame."

Mississippi —HUBERT CREEKMORE

City Sunset

I walk at sunset on a street in town.
The air is heavy with the heat of day.
Apollo from his chariot looks down
Upon a fevered world in disarray.
Weird murmurs rise in shrill staccato beat;
Then mutterings, as ordered shadows fall.
How long must weary toilers know defeat
With backs grown stiff against a scorching wall?

Just then, as though it fully understood,
A vagrant breeze swept through the sun-baked eaves,
Like shy white violets hiding in the wood
When some intruder stirs the dewy leaves.
One twilight moment, and the dying sun
Has melted into night's oblivion.

Georgia —DAVID EDWARD UNGAR

Tropic Sunset

Against the crimson barricades of day,
The winds, those lawless architects, rebuild
Incredible cloud fortresses, rose-spilled
And sunset-torn; the dark hosts stand at bay
In the beleaguering east; beyond the grey
Ledge of the gloaming sea, dim, distance-stilled,
The unsheathed blade of the new moon hangs hilled
On purpling heights, hard by the brooding fray.

The flaming siege-towers move implacably;
The sunset banners fall before the advancing
Black-armored cavalry of night; too soon
Begins the peaceful plain-chant of the sea;
The waves repeat the shore lights, serpent- dancing;
The palms renew their nightlong whispered rune.

Oregon —OTTO FREUND

Sun Track

When night flings open wide her doors
And dawn beats out
The hammered brass of day,
My restive heart champs at its bit
As on across the mesa land
The great sun goes his royal way;
Unbridled stallion of the sky
He gallops by,
And when the day is done
Seeks yet a farther stamping ground
And quietude beyond the twilight bars.
I know he pastures there
For I have found eftsoon
His shining hoofprints in the stars,
The silver horseshoe of the moon!

California —RENA SHEFFIELD

Landscape

The map is dull. It shows a crooked line
In blue and prints a river's narrow name,
But does not tell me how the river curls
And drifts to sleep across the meadowland—
A child worn out with wandering all the day.
It does not mark the silver willow-fringe
The river's tousled shoulder wears at dusk;
Nor warn me that within the stream's soft curve
A pitcher-elm, brimful, will overrun
And spill the scene with summer's leafy wine.

Ohio —JOSEPHINE E. PHILLIPS

The By-Way

O, you may have your highways,
For traveling of your kind,
But give me gentle by-ways
That climb and turn and find
The strange and unsuspected ways
That vagabonds adore
And sometimes come up suddenly
Before a cottage door
Without a wall or gravel drive,
For all the world to see,
Just a modest little house
That only wants to be
A comfort to a gentle soul
Who loves God's earth and sky
And doesn't have to see mankind
Go madly rushing by.
Mostly there are clapboards grey,
And apple trees about,
And many vines that climb and cling
To keep the painters out,
Until you'd think the cottage grew,
It looks so live a thing,
Caring not if it should shade
A beggar or a king.

Connecticutt —DARLEEN BARKER NIEHAUS

When Twilight Comes

When twilight comes, the Master's hand
Creates the pastel tints that brand
The glowing colors which emblaze
The sky, as earth's far splendors raise
To meet a low encircling band.
The spectrum shades dissolve unscanned;
In shrouds of pearly mist expand
To linger in a golden haze
When twilight comes.
The fading hues cannot withstand
The velvet veils that drape the land—
I cannot comprehend . . . appraise
The earth's beguiling whims and ways
As shadows fall on ending days
When twilight comes.

South Dakota —HILDEGARDE FRIED DREPS

Hereafter

I stood in an empty theater
Where fun and frolic had ruled,
And thought of the many millions
Of mortals who have been fooled:
Who thought that life is all laughter—
The Silence whispered, "Hereafter!"

I stood in an empty cathedral
Where men and women have sighed,
And offered their supplications
To a Deity crucified;
And there came from beam and rafter
The echoed whisper, "Hereafter!"

But why should we cringe, we sons of men:
Is there any hereafter that has not been?

Georgia —WIGHTMAN F. MELTON

I Cannot Tell

I cannot tell if these low hills
Recall the hours when moonlight spills
Its black and silver net to snare
The drowsy, heated desert air,
That drifts across low valley sills.

The canyon end completely fills
With shadow and a movement thrills;
But whether bird or wind is there
I cannot tell.

The sharpened, thin sahuaro drills
Reflect the moon, and cholla quills
Reveal a constant, mindless dare.
But whether memory or prayer
Is left when sinking darkness stills . . .
I cannot tell.

Arizona —FRANCES DAVIS ADAMS

Arizona Desert

Tall cacti flock across the sand,
Ascend far reaches
Of dim mesas,
Climbing at last jagged stairways
Of amethystine peaks
To fling supplicating arms
In weird gestures
To cloudless skies
That curve in brooding silence.

California —NELL GRIFFITH WILSON

Longwood

It stands there on a hill of the Mississippi,—
A partly builded masterpiece,—
Unfinished, but complete in time;—
Flanked by woods garlanded with mosses,
With its many rooms, its numerous porticos,
Its central hall and rising dome
At the end of a sunken roadway.
And long after cotton was king,
Long after slavery vanished,
I was deeply stirred by that
Wistful house in old Natchez.
Standing within its walls I envisaged
The slaves making brick,
The foreign workmen laboring,
The marbles arriving from Italy,
And the architect reveling in his vision,—
With fate brooding over all.
I imagined the master and mistress there,
Briefly dreamed their dream,
And witnessed their hopes turned to ashes.
—Strange unfinished walls, unpainted timbers,
And soaring dome which play upon the emotions
Like a master's hands on the keyboard.
It is because Longwood holds the root and the bloom,
The height and the depth,
The joy and the sorrow, hope and despair,
The life and death of a culture.

South Carolina —HATTIE M. FINLAY

Longing

I walked today on Lonesome Way,
A songbird southward flew;
My heart stood still, the sky grew grey,
Because I longed for you.

Georgia —ALTA FERRELL

Farewell to Cardigan

The seaward breeze is blowing away from Aberystwyth,—
The morn will bring fair sailing across to Wexford Bay;
But O,—my Cymric mountains, with ages worn and hoary,
No more for me shall kindle, alight with early day!
Nor yet the old, old churchyard,—the kneeling-stones and mosses,—
The gray-garbed, rain-swept hillside above Saint Gwenwynn's Glen,
Where you have flowered and faded, O White Rose of Meredith!
And wait the Day of Rising, when I shall come again.

Michigan —EDITH B. SPAULDING

The Beauty That Was

The Beauty that was, shall surely be;
I have stored it in my memory;
The cardinal's song, and the flush of the rose,
Are silently waiting in pregnant repose
To burst into bloom, for the world to see.

The vital strength of the great oak tree,
The grace of the birch, in the heart of me,
Have taken root; and lovelier grows
The Beauty that was.

Why should poets drearily
Dirge, when loveliness is free?
Why should they say that Beauty goes,
When every fragrant breeze that blows
Wafts into eternity,—
The Beauty that was?

West Virginia —DORTHA KNAPP KILLIAN

God Walks Within Our Garden

God walks within our garden
We are sure.
We see His foot-prints by our pool
At dawn,
And where the rose has cast her petals pure
Upon the lawn
Of clover carpet, shorn and sweetly cool;
We know that God has passed
And left his blessing where her robe is cast.

California —FRANCES KROESE

Metonga

Lapis-lazuli lake
Shifting contentedly
To and fro
Beneath a watchful
Shining moon.
Somber, stately pines
Deep purple in shadows
That elude
The searching golden glow.
A bird calls
Plaintively, making
Beautiful the loneliness
Of silent places.

Illinois —ELEANOR MACLAIN SHANAHAN

Nightfall

Night comes
Like descending
Tabernacle curtains
Of blue and silver on the ark
Of God.

Florida —ANGELA LUSK

Parable

A painter, who had toiled and failed for days
To seize the beauty hovering in his mind,
At last in sick defeat threw paint and brushes
Into the fire, and grimly watched them burn,
Yet proudly, musing how the second-best
No more could cheat him like a flattering devil.
For days and days he sat alone with pain
And the black litter of rejected dreams;
Until the torturing memories of the picture
And the growing imperative need to give himself
Impelled him like some earliest cavern-dweller
To seize whatever means, however poor,
Lay round about him. Then his heart rekindled,
He bowed and took the burnt stumps of the brushes
And limned in charcoal what had failed in color;
Without a flourish or an afterthought
The line flowed from him, and his bosom sang.
Some say he limned the soul of every man,
And some his own; others, the face of God.

England —GEOFFREY JOHNSON

The Worm's Inheritance

I watched a caterpillar on a leaf,
The dumbest of all dumb insensate things,
And thought: this dull entombment is but brief,
And, lo, the glad astonishment of wings!

Grant me one boon, I pray, indulgent Fate.
This dullard worm's inheritance—that I
May dare the stars and sing at heaven's gate,
My wings against the sky.

Virginia —FLORENCE WILSON ROPER

Enchanted Day

How strangely now you flood my trembling soul
With moments keen as any robin's eye;
And loving you, dear love, an aureole
Of bliss envelops me and tints my sky
To amber tones; you are as words on waves
Of ether stealing in on startled dreams,
Incredible, as Ancient Wonder braves
And mocks a modern world's irreverent themes.

Light as a silver cord of sundrenched rain,
You strike my soul with white sublimity,
As quietly I hold you, knowing gain
So great, awareness cleaves the tongue in me;
And bathed in silent ecstasy I find
Enchanted days compassionately kind.

Alabama —MARY B. WARD

When Stars Hang Low

I find relief from sorrow
When winds at sea
Have swept away the drifting fog
And let a ship go free.

And sadness is forgotten
When stars hang low,
And all the world is moon-drenched
With phantom snow.

For then I feel that somewhere,
Beyond the silver crest,
With you I shall find joy again,
And love—and rest.

California —EUGENIA T. FINN

Requiem

The last lone trumpet calls; the darkened door
Swings open once again: the song is stilled,
And silent now the dirge of "Nevermore" . . . .
Some happier, holier Star will now be filled
With music from your lyre, and you may dwell
"Where Israfel hath dwelt . . . within the sky,"
Where golden chimes from some Cathedral bell
Will soothe your pain and still life's troubled cry.
Tired, restless spirit, now at last you sleep,
Death has released you to some kinder Star,
This was ill-omened from the start; O weep
Not that the earth let down the silver bar . .
Let the insurgent will, the labored breath
Yield utterly unto the victor, Death!

Georgia —CORA-PAXTON STEWART

To Virginia Clemm and Her Cat

There is such pathos in your death,
Virginia Clemm!
I shed hot tears of sympathy
Remembering him
And you who shared his tragic life
Of poverty.
I know help came a bit too late . . . .
Poe's tragedy!

I see a cat with glowing eyes
Look up at you.
They say it warmed our dying form . . . .
If this be true,
I love the cat that spread its warmth
Above your heart . . . .
That cat I hold, of this world's cats,
Sacred, apart!

Texas —NORA HEFLEY MAHON

Poetry

I am life's essence and it's living spring,
The joy of utterance, the soul of art;
Where love and ecstasy and courage start,
Innately nurtured in each living thing.
I ride above the storm on fearless wing,
Of every flower and tree I am a part,
I claim abiding-place in every heart,
And peace and rapture tarry when I sing.
Could life hold aught without a faith supreme,
The inner voice poetically keyed,
A promise and a hope beyond the dream,
A singing soul to tell the dreamer's need?
I am the prism to catch the flying gleam,
The flower's purpose bearing precious seed.

New York —ADA M. FITTS

Lyre And Lantern

How thinly nourished is the heart's desire!
To me, who wanted most from birth
An organ, rich and deep, and white star-fire
For beauty down the tangled ways of earth,
Life gave a lantern and a lyre.

The lantern flickers dimly where it swings—
Too seldom luminous when dire
The need—and oh, how pained the heart that sings
To but the tinkly music of a lyre!—
Yet I would not return these things.

Texas —DOROTHY CALLAWAY

Your Eyes Are Blue

Translated from the Spanish of Gustavo Adolpho Becquer

Your eyes are blue;
And, when you laugh with me,
Their gentle clearness seems
The trembling glow of morning's beams
Reflected in the sea.

Your eyes are blue;
But if perchance they're wet,
Then each transparent tear
Is like the dew, a crystal sphere,
Upon a violet.

Your eyes are blue;
And when some fancy burns
Within their depths, a spark,
Oh then, in evening's azure dark,
A vanished star returns!

Mississippi —ANNE-ELISE ROANE WINTER

"Auf Wiedersehen"

Translated from Ernst V. Feuchtersleben.

In God's High Creed it is ordained
That life's full glories are attained
    By parting;
Throughout the world, from link to brink,
Naught else can make the heart so sink
    As parting!
    Yes, parting!
Then take thou heed of my refrain,
    Heed my refrain;
When people part with hearts of pain
They murmur, "Till we meet again!
    Meet again!"

Connecticutt —ROSE SCHNITMAN

Longing

"Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt." Translated from Goethe.

He who never longed for rest
Does not know my anguish!
Far from my native land,
Lonely, I languish.

High in the vaulted blue,
Spreading above me,
Vainly my weary eyes
Seek one who loves me.

Fainting, my senses reel—
My soul is burning—
He who never longed for rest
Does not know my yearning!

Michigan —HARRY W. FAUVER

Experience

Down well-worn paths adventuring, I
Have gone my way,
And if I am much wiser now,
I cannot say.
I put my hand down in the sea
To grasp the moon,
And struck againtst the rippling sky,
With stars bestrewn.
I raised my eyes and saw above,
Drowned in a cloud,
The adventuring moon, who trailed a star
And found a shroud.
There is no golden precept here
Or in the sky,
For moon and me, adventuring,
To profit by.

Florida —REBA MAXWELL AVERY

Moment In Eternity

Age-long the earth has spun
And conjured mankind
Out of chaos . . .
Beings that love the sun
And cherish days
Only to be resolved again
To protoplasmic dust.

Now you have come,
Successor to that endless caravan
Of light and dust, to glory in the day,
To shoulder life and find it good.

And out of this succession
I, too, have come —
Briefly to glory in the light and marvel
At this strange pause in all eternity
That summons us before the sun this day.
Here for one sacred moment
Blends the rhythm of our footfalls
While the earth stands still.

New York —PAULINE F. GEFFEN

Revelation

Rose and orchid wraiths of glory,
Draped across the evening sky,
Mitigate the bright sun's going,
Deck the grave where she must lie.

Nature heals her wounds with beauty.
Fretful heart, be still, and wait.
Life may recompense with wonder
When day goes through sunset's gate.

California —ELINOR LENNEN

Hands

I shall never probe the mystery of hands.
Flame-tipped, soft white hands
That lie like languid petals
Upon moon-romantic black satin,
Small brown dimpled hands
That move like a tender smile
Among spools of colored thread,
Hard, blue-veined hands—strong
As a rod of shining steel,
Old, wrinkled, helpless hands
That look like crumpled leaves
Tossed by an Autumn wind;
Hands—long or short, delicate
Fragments of ivory, or toil-scarred
Products of merciless industry—
They are Man's strangest secret
Of power and of loveliness,
And I shall never probe their mystery.

New York —RUTH GONZER

Wedlock

I think Roberta tried to understand
Her husband's strange fidelity to land;
And yet she used to toss her golden head
And chide: "It is your acres you have wed.
Before you even saw or heard of me
You gave yourself to every plant and tree,
You pledged your life to all the growing things
Before you ever thought of wedding rings!"

And Roger marveled at the way the sight
Of cities, with their gleaming eyes at night,
Would give her face a near unearthlly light.
He never could forget Roberta's sigh,
At seeing buildings towering against the sky.

Mississippi —LOLLY WILLIAMS

Little House

A neighbor watches the house while its owners are out for the evening.

Oh, little house upon the hill,
You're mine tonight for three glad hours,
Your crystal windows that frame the sky
All full of stars,
And the city's twinkling lights below.
This wide sweet room with firelight's glow
That falls on pictures, books so
Rare and old,
And on those flowers
In a dear blue bowl,
Oh, beauty's very soul
Is here, mine to hold,
For three brief hours.

Oh, little house upon the hill,
More than all this, you hold
A treasure,
Past all words to measure.
Down the hall so still,
Now I go
To see the baby fast asleep.
Oh, always I have known
That angels keep
Watch over you;
Just now I heard the rustle of their wings,
They left the peace of all the skies,
Upon your eyes of blue.
My full heart sings,
Oh, little one, you're all my own,
For three sweet hours.

California —CATHARINE M. ALBRIGHT

Prophecy

O dawn bird, it is night and yet you sing!
Tremulous earth seems dead at this deep hour,
It does not heed your wild prophetic voice
And still you sing and sing and sing. O why?
In your high flight, lone bird, do you behold
A vision that the sleeping world does not
Perceive? But you, on steady mounting wings,
Soar upward from the vast abysmal night.
Your lyric notes awaken in my soul
A music it has heard in other spheres;
Clear intonations of Infinitude,
Rise free and pure from out the endless void;
I try to sense the mystery and lo!
Transcendent light illuminates the skies.

Texas —ALINE B. CARTER

Time Hangs, A Cloud

The fluctuating, idle hours
Have lost their wings. The sandglass pours
Its stream, then waits. Time hangs, a cloud
That bends and swings, expands and towers.

From out the fringes of the shade
The moments peep, their pinions laid
Close to their breast; all courage lost,
They only creep, then droop and fade.

While timid hours once bold as kings,
Are maimed and spent, inutile things.
Remembering their brave, swift flight,
Shall I lament those gay lost wings?

Texas —RUTH AVERITTE

Violin

My heart the instrument, thy voice the bow
That well might play the reassuring note.
Diffident soul, afraid to let your throat
Declare the love your heart must feel, too slow
To utter love that even you must know
Will break the heart constraining it. The boat
That sails the sea must leave the narrow moat
And pitch its sails to winds that dare to blow.
Unselfish love that tries to find its way
But sees no light to guide the ship to shore,
And struggles hard to meet increasing rain,
But learns upon the hidden rocks that day
Has come, and still no guide. Forever more
My ship will sail, and never land again.

Arkansas —L. NEILLE SHOEMAKER

Content

I am the faltering doe,
Searching her antlered stag.
I am the edelweiss clinging
To the gray crag.

I am the whispering wave,
That laps the granite cliff.
You are the trade wind that rudders
My shallow skiff.

You are the eagle, soaring;
I but the gray ring dove.—
I am content if you tell me,
I am your love.

California —RUTH FORBES SHERRY

Paean To Motion

The feathered pines are dancing with the sea
Where blue hills cast their shadows on the sky;
And like a captured bird inside of me
My heart beats frantic wings that long to fly.
As grass aspires
And God desires
My heart requires
Relief in motion from the need to die,
As life gropes hopeful toward eternity.
Bodyless choirs
Entone their cadences of boundless height
To spur the spirit for unending flight,
Unlimited by death on wings of light.

Florida —E. ERNEST MURRELL

Pioneer

How happy to be that satin bloom
There nodding over the level hedge;
How easy to loop that cornice edge
Or weave new petals on trellis loom.

But I take root in a dusty lane—
A straggling fence, my anchor tree
While snail and beetle shall visit me
To share the dust and dream of rain.

My choice to grow in the shadeless wild
Where winds shall buffet my flowered spray
One morning a poet may pass that way.
One evening, perhaps, a lonely child.

Texas —FRANCES ALEXANDER

Treasures

I shall remember, all my life,
Glad hours of loveliness. The strife
Shall be forgotten with its tears
And ghostly fears.

Rare moments when my eager soul
First answered back an oriole,
And when, waist-deep, in golden rod
I stood with God!

Such memories will lead me far
Until my fingers clutch a star;
And all the way my heart shall sing,
Remembering!

Indiana —ROSE MYRA PHILLIPS

Beauty Beyond

Through far-reaching gardens
I stroll hour on hour,
Unheedful of splendor
In petal and flower,
Nor linger to wonder
At verdure or frond—
So avid my eyes
For the beauty beyond!

New Hampshire —FRANK E. PALMER

Quatrain

It's Peter I pity, of all the saints,
For I must play his part,
And thrice deny the only thing
Within my inmost heart.

Massachusetts —JOHN HOMER DYE

The Carrier Dove

I have furnished a room as I like it,
In tempered tones of light,
Where no rude wind may strike it,
A room reserved for night,
When the moon has gilded the clock, the shelf
Of books, and the china shepherdess,
The piano in tune with myself,
And pictures . . . Corot, Millet and Inness.
Only at night do I go there.
At sunrise I loose my thought
Like a carrier-dove into the air
And I wait for an answer fraught
With clarity to questions I propound.
The bird flies far.
Before she returns to the ground
The moon has risen and the evening star.
I seize the word she brings,
Be it jewel, blossom or rhyme
Hid under the tired wings.
I hold it to my heart and climb
To the towered room of the tempered light,
For this I keep,
Transfiguring the night,
A festival even in my sleep.

Illinois —L. LOGAN KEEN

Chain Of Dreams

A chain
Of beads are strung
With memory of dreams,
A fragrant rose—a song of love—
And YOU.

Illinois —HILDA BUTLER FARR

Fame

Let not Fame too strongly lure you,
Rather seek to lift than soar;
Kindness knows no fine distinctions—
Drops a rose at any door.

Fame is but a fickle goddess,
Beckons all,—rewards but few.
Leave your fate to the Eternal;
She may bring a rose to you.

Connecticutt —FLORENCE E. MILCKE

Reminiscence

You have been mine before,
Yet when or where I cannot tell,
But this I know,
Each time love-colored roses blow
And thrushes sing
And robins carol low at eventide,
Cherishing your face
I turn and find
You standing by my side.

Iowa —ELSYE TASH SATER

Palimpsest

The moving finger writes anew
Upon the palimpsest while I
Sit helpless watching what was you
Erased from mortal memory.

California —IRENE WILDE

Young Mother

Where is the April-hearted girl I knew,
The lovely child with bright, impatient ways,
Whose laugh was like a sudden shower of stars,
Whose eager feet went lilting down the days?

O grave young mother, must I believe that you
Are she, so altered in a little while—
Yet lovelier still with tender, brooding eyes,
A thoughtful air and sweet, half-troubled smile?

Illinois —ADELAIDE LOVE

Country Wedding

When the catbird sings
    In the dogwood tree
I remember you,
    And you and me;
A little white church
    Up a clipped green slope,
An aisle closed in
    With white ribbon rope,
The scent of lilacs
    And arabis lace,
My father's voice,
    Your mother's face . . .
I remember you,
    And you and me
When the catbird sings
    In the dogwood tree.

New Jersey —LEFA MORSE EDDY

Pine Magic

Some enchantment casts a fancy on the figure of a pine
Making every little rustle like an echo from a shrine
Retrospection has kept hidden with an intricate design.
Here, a charm is silhouetted in a pine upon a hill
And would sketch a memory for us after years could not fulfill
And the image is so vivid that we shiver as from chill
    In marking such a contour on the sky.
There is witchery in the murmur of a tossing forest pine
For remembrance sets a music to the feathery branches' whine
So that notes of dormant music go sweet fluting line on line
    And reach a mad crescendo with a cry.
Thus, enchantment casts a fancy on the figure of a pine
Making every little rustle like an echo from a shrine
Retrospection has kept hidden with an intricate design.

New York —AUDREY ROBESON

Southern Pines

The pines in pyramids of high
Inverted fringe against the sky
Taste victory before they die.

Their rise is effortless and sheer,
They are not charged with useless gear—
But stripped as truth, gaunt and austere.

Their leaves are sharp as winter's gale,
Their cones are hard as summer's hail—
Their bark is neither smooth nor frail.

How wonderful that any tree
Of such precise economy
Could so fulfill a high decree!

Georgia —DAISY ARNOLD MAUDE

On A Desert Pine

Lift your head, young pine, to the sky
Asking drink.
Spread your arms for a shield from the sun;
It will not shrink.

For mercy and pity and gentleness
However you plead,
The desert is deaf and blind; it knows
Nothing of need.

Expect no mitigated rule
Of circumstance;
Create the means by which you will
Draw sustenance.

Thrust patiently against the impervious rock
Till it break;
See, there is living water at its core!
Your long thirst slake.

Thereafter face the blue and burning sky;
Reach toward the sun.
Find sun and sky essential ministrants,
Enmity done.
Then you, green, growing pine, have won.

Oklahoma —ALTHEA BASS

Singed Wings

Dear life,
You taught my heart
To soar as any bird;
I wish I had not brushed so near
A star.

Illinois —ELSIE F. FILIPPI

Trees

Trees are pastors pouring sermons into every heart that hears;
Oaks are monuments of patience, giving courage, stilling fears.

Pines are purest vestal virgins, ever lifting branches higher,
Teaching preciousness of virtue, loveliness of white desire.

Birches promise Heaven's gladness, godliness of whitest light;
Willows silently betoken humble yielding to the right.

Ash trees lend a quiet lesson showing roughness of the road;
Hickories increase the sternness and the labor of the load.

Hemlocks picture bitter struggle, yet they give a gorgeous hue—
All God's trees are silent symbols, each one standing strong and true.

Hawaii —J. A. K. COMBS

Three Cypress Trees

Three cypress trees, within a wood,
Grew in quiet solitude,
    Unmindful of their destiny.
Three crosses stood upon a hill;
Though long ago, their shadows still
    Stretch afar from Calvary.
And now all trees reflect the cross
And point above earth's pain and loss,
    To heaven and immortality.

Maine —ADELINE RAY BURROUGHS

Woods Revisited

Again a rush of summer wind careers
Around the tinkling bend; lagoons are pressed
From sunlit calm to indigo unrest.
The toylike river dips and reappears
With sound of little rattles; heavy tiers
Of continental clouds are piling west
(They will go east tomorrow) while a crest
Of hill lies faintly blue—as other years!

Again I love the forest's lighted plash
And silent dark. What is this woodland spell?
The helpless limbs that sway in leafy thrash
Awake a choking stir, a distant swell
Of brother feeling, for, such careless flash
And fitful shadowings are mine, as well!

Canada —ALAN CREIGHTON

Stars Through Old Field Pines

When night comes down the pines hold up
Their cones, fanned into light
By yearning winds, and softly burn
In tribute to the night.

Georgia —ESSIE M. CARMICHAEL

Variable Guest

You did not hear me come, today;
A somber mood compels
A cloak of monastery gray,
Instead of cap and bells.

Iowa —PEGGY HOFFMAN

Tree At Bay

The prow of land, from which this tree sprang daring
has edged so cautiously, so slowly crept
from the mosaic waters, despite her sighs demurring,
that it at last has left her wading, trapped
By the soft, silken waves and their caresses,
binding her feet with quivering fluid cords;
the land birds fled, the gleaming albatrosses
rustle her leaves with strange, ill-sounding words.

New Jersey —CARL K. BOMBERGER

Castles In The Air

I fashion castles in the air
Upon the pinnacles of prayer,
Brave citadels of childish blocks
That never can resist the shocks
Of human weakness, human sin.
I build the things that might have been
Before the fall of man. And when
They crash I raise them up again.

Minnesota —MARIE D'AUTREMONT GERRY

Brevity

A flurry of joy in the aspen trees
Pure fragrance dissolves into rare symphonies
Where bird-choirs vie with delirious bees,
Summer at dawn!

Nights of high splendor, days of rare gold
The great heart of nature begins to unfold;
Then, cold rain is falling upon the dark mould,
Summer is gone!

Colorado —PEARLE R. CASEY

Now, let us see, in parallel columns, Dr. Sadler's lists of depressing and strengthening songs:

DEPRESSING	*STRENGTHENING*
Ben Holt, Old Black Joe, Old Cabin Home, Stand Up for Jesus, Home Sweet Home, John Brown's Body, My Jesus I Love Thee, Jesus Savior Pilot Me, I Would Not Live Alway, We Are Tenting Tonight, Depth of Mercy Can There Be? Do They Think of Me at Home? Jesus I My Cross Have Taken, Behold a Stranger at the Door.	Dixie, America, Maryland My Maryland, Rock of Ages, Yankee Doodle, The Old Oaken Bucket, The Old Folks at Home, Jesus Lover of My Soul, Nearer My God to Thee, Listen to the Mocking Bird, Onward Christian Soldiers, Blest Be the Tie that Binds, All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Considering these lists, let us keep in mind that a song that depresses one person may strengthen another person, and the same song may effect an individual differently at different times. " Old Black Joe," listed as depressing, may delight a bass singer but distress a tenor; it may be a favorite song, on a moonlight ride, for hearts that are still young and gay, and it may depress those whose arteries and ideas have become more or less hardened.

Another thing to be considered is the difference in tunes. Plaintive melodies depress. Bright, sparkling, vigorous melodies strengthen.

Speaking in general terms, is Doctor Sadler right? What of his list of depressing songs? "Ben Bolt" tells of the grave of Sweet Alice and the flowers that have long been blooming there. "Old Black Joe" sobs over what used to be. "The Old Cabin Home" is gone. "Home, Sweet Home" is the wail of a wanderer. "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave." "We Are Tenting Tonight" brings visions of lonely fighting men. "Do They Think of Me at Home?" has the blues all over.

How about the religious songs that are listed as depressing? "Stand Up for Jesus" is too military: it implies that we must fight rather than love. "My Jesus, I Love Thee" is declaring in words what one's daily life may or may not have shown. "Jesus, Savior, Pilot me," is the cry of the dying. "I Would Not Live Alway" gives a gloomy picture of life. "Depth of Mercy, Can There Be?" gives a too realistic picture of the wounded Christ. "Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken," implies that one must give up all other joys of life in order to be a Christian. "Behold, a Stranger at the Door," pictures the Christ as one who will be angry if you do not hurry and let him in. We can but wonder if a depressing song might not strengthen those who seem to enjoy being mildly miserable.

The strengthening songs. "Dixie," which heads Doctor Sadler's list, and "Yankee Doodle," which comes fifth, no doubt strengthened one side and depressed the other during the War Between the States. Likewise, "Maryland, My Maryland" was surely more strengthening or heartenig to Maryland soldiers who were defending the streets of their native city than it is to the few veterans now living.

Really, it is not so easy to understand why "Stand Up, Stand Up For Jesus" should be depressing, and "Onward Christian Soldiers" strengthenig. Possibly the first sounds as if some slacker needs to be urged to duty, while the second is a paean of victory. And why should "Nearer My God to Thee" strengthen, and "Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me" depress? The "Pilot" song may suggest that a soul, afraid to go alone, is begging for the Pilot, while the other suggests that the soul is confident it is drawing nearer and nearer to its God.

The strengthening element in the other songs, patriotic, sentimental, and religious, is apparent. Either there is a heartening lilt to the tune, or the words are filled with unsobbing sentiment, faith, hope, and victory.

Doctor Sadler experimented with sick people. We, being well, may not agree with him, but he has given us something interesting to consider as we go about writing our songs and other poems.

Visiting The Makers

WITH
BEN MUSSER

National Poetry Week has become increasingly popular in observance, since its inauguration by Miss Anita Browne in 1926. May 20-27 of the current year found interesting celebrations, all the way from Lilith Lorraine's efforts at Corpus Christi to Anthony F. Klinker's at Dubuque, from the festivities in California to the ditto in New York . . . Poets are also getting recognition in the filling up of State Laureate vacancies. The Texas Federation of Women's Clubs has selected our good friend Lexie Dean Robertson, of Rising Star, to the Poet Laureateship of Texas. The Poet Laureate League, Inc. has selected Ralph Cheyney for the important Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Margaret Ball Dickson for Minnesota, and Anthony F. Klinker for Iowa. These are distinct honors, when artists have judged fellow artists and awarded them the laurel. Such offices are far superior to laureatships by appointment of a State Governor, frequently a fathead politician who knows no more about poetry than you and I know about politics, probably less. Legislative appointments are nearly always unhappy and suspect, though in several such laureateships we know of there is exception to this rule.

Winning candidates for the four fellowships offered by the Bread Loaf Writer's Conference in Vermont, next summer, are Frances Woodward Prentice, Lauren Gilfillan, Scott O'Dell, and Josephine Johnson of Webster Groves, Mo., the last named a young poet of much promise, but not to be confused with the better known Josephine Johnson of Norfolk . . .As usual, the Pulitzer poetry award pleased no one but a very small clique. For a spirited article on Guggenheim fellowships and sich, read it in Lucia Trent's and Ralph Cheyney's *More Power to Poets!* (Henry Harrison, $1.50) . . . . . Agnes Kendrick Gray, of Atlanta, has won the $40 Ponce de Leon Prize offered by the Poetry Society of Florida, for her "Canticle of the Sea."

Hub: *A Quarterly Magazine*, edited by Harold Allison and Bill Henning, has made its appearance at 1730 Second Ave., S. E., Cedar Rapids,

Iowa, and includes verse . . . . . *Five,* edited by Margaret Copeland, Rosewood at Columbia, Ontario, Calif., is unquestionablly the best new poetry magazine this year . . . . Another new magazine, which I have not seen, is *Dune Forum,* Oceana, Calif., It does not pay for verse . . . . Then there is that concern at Roxbury Station, Boston, the Popular Poetry Publishers, issuing no less than four all-verse (or all-worse) quarterlies. They announce that their Summer issue of *Echoes* "contains 100 poems." If it does, it is the most notable achievement in the history of the world. There have not been many more than one hundred poems since time began . . . . . The revival of *Scepter* is a reality. Congratulations, Billy, and long life! Here are some posthumous poems by Clinton Scollard and Gamaliel Bradford, and vital work by Mary Sinton Leitch, Phil Harding, Lucia Trent, Merrill Root, John Richard Moreland and others, a prose article, news items, book reviews. Well worth the dollar you will send William Sawyer, Franklin, Tenn., for a year's subscription. After all: the content and not the appearance, is the important thing . . . . . John Guenther was featured poet in the May *American Poetry Journal.* The long-poem idea has also captured *Fantasy,* the Spring number carrying a thrilling 660-line poem by LeGarde S. Doughty, "Sable and Marigold," a much longer poem indeed than the whole of Mr. Doughty's recent book, *With Lips of Rue* (Kaleidograph Press) . . . . . Stanton Coblentz's editorials in *Wings* alone are worth a subscription . . . . . The new address of *Spirit* is 386 Fourth Ave., New York City . . . . . Until Oct. 7th the address of Inez Tyler and her *Blue Moon* magazine is and will be 2401 Calvert St., N. W. (Apt.203) Washington, D. C. . . . .The P. S. of America May *Bulletin* informs us that Miss Theda Kenyon gave a costume recital of four queens, one of whom was Mary Tudor *of France.* Wonder if she also enacted Christina of China?

Daniel Whitehead Hickey has returned to Atlanta following a five-months tour of Italy and his beloved Sicily . . . On July 12th Mary Sinton Leitch went to Scotland, to remain a year. Virginia will miss its finest poet . . . Since May 1st the address of George and Flora Warren Seymour, heads of the Order of Bookfellows, has been 4917 Blackstone Ave., Chicago, Illinois . . . Can the report be true, that Gertrude Stein is coming here to lecture in the Fall? Will she speak as she writes, and if so, will she have an interpreter?

Born to Antonia Y. Schwab and Prof. N. D. Mills, on May 3, a daughter, Mary Alice, 7 lbs. 3-4 oz. . . .Ellen Glines was recently presented with a (grand) child . . .It will interest many to learn that J. Corson Miller, whose new book, *Cup of the Years*, will probably be the best volume of verse ever produced by Bruce Humphries, is to be married in October. Congratulations, Joe!

To the disquiet not only of M. Kreymborg but of all poets and playwrights, Jimmy Durante has been upheld in the suit brought against him (see my May-June news notes in *Bozart*). As Alfred Kreymborg's attorney has declared: "This decision leaves every writer of poetry or even prose absolutely helpless from any one using it on the radio without paying for it. If the higher United States court upholds the decision it behooves the writers of America to have the copyright law changed."

In Hackensack, N. J., there is a telephone exchange called "Galsworthy" . . . .Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni, Poet Laureate of Arkansas, drives (says Billy Sawyer) the same expensive make of automobile that Eddie Guest drives but "thanks God she did not get it the way Eddie got his." . . A revered friend of mine is a wizard at reading character from penmanship. She finds Lucia Trent "scholarly, sense of form, dependable, passively affectionate but passionless"; Ellen Carroll is "kind, gay, managing, moody, cultured might bully" (forgive me, dear Mrs. Carroll!); Louis Ginsberg shows "form, rhythm, beauty, conceit, is moody, and has business"; Harold Vinal has "sense of beauty and rhythm, and displays ambition, distinction, eccentricity"; Margaret E. Bruner is "discreet, energetic, high-tempered, idealistic, has sense of form." More of these revelations next time, if you can take it.

Frank Ernest Hill has finally completed (begun in 1913) his adaptation into modern English verse of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. The complete work will bear the Longmans impress . . . . About Sept. 1st the Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, will publish Dom Placid's collected poems, *From the Hid Battlements*, handsome format, foreword by your correspondent, $2.00 per copy (send orders to Belmont Abbey College, Belmont, N. C.). Caxton will also publish Hala Jean Hammond's new book of poems, and probably a novel by Dr. Sam M. Steward with the delightful title *Angels on the Bough*. Dr. Steward's prose is more lyrical than most poets' verse . . . . We all look forward to Ellen M. Carroll's *Lonely Shores*, her first book who has done so much to help

and to publicize other poets. The book, ready by Sept. 1st, will be bound in gray and silver, and contain the best work of the revered editor of the "Choir Practice" column in the *Charleston Evening Post.* Orders should be sent ($1.50) in advance to Mrs. Carroll, 245 Calhoun St., Charleston, S. C. . . . . If you have not yet ordered copies of J. Graydon Jeffries' *Star-Gazer,* you are missing the opportunity both of reading his exquisite poems and of aiding a helpless paralytic. Do send him at least one order (only $1) today: Hospital, Brazil, Ind. . . . Some recent books on my shelves, several sent for mention here, include *Protest Stuff,* a brochure of posthumous rebel verse by Willis T. Crossman (Driftwind Press, No. Montpelier, Vt.); *Washington Sonnets,* by Emily Maxwell Maddox (Torch Press, Cedar Rapids); *Fool's Gold,* by Clyde Robertson, illus. by Sheila Burlingame (Banner Press, Atlanta); *Boscobel and Other Rimes,* by Fr. James J. Daly, S. J. (Bruce Pub. Co., Milwaukee); *The Magnophile, and Other Plays,* in blank verse, by Edwin Thomas Whiffen, foreword by Benj. Musser (Garen Pub. Co., Ridgewood, N. J.); *Veiled Eros* by Archibald Rutledge, and *Ohio Poets,* edited by George Elliston (both pub. by Henry Harrison, New York); *Drifting Sands,* brochure mostly of newspaper verse, by Henry Loukusa (Poetry Publishers, Philadelphia), and the always interesting *Davis' Anthology of Newspaper Verse* (Athie Sale Davis, Enid, Okla.).. . . . Nancy Hoyt is working on a biography of her sister, Elinor Wylie, to be called *Portrait of an Unknown Lady.* Watch for the review and extravagant praise of this book in the *Sat. Rev. of Lit.* . . . . Dr. Solomon Solis-Cohen has translated, and the Jewish Publication Society has brought out in book form, *Ibn Ezra's Poetry in English Garb.* Ibn Ezra was a contemporary of Omar Khayyam . . . . . Dr. Jacob Shatzky writing a biography of Morris Rosenfeld, the famous Yiddish American poet (1862-1932) . . . . Believed to be at least 900 years old and of great value, the *Exeter Book,* an anthology of Anglo-Saxon poetry compiled by Leofric, first Bishop of Exeter (1051-1071), has been discovered during an examination of old manuscripts in Exeter Cathedral library England. Who says the anthology is a modern affliction?

June house guests of your correspondent on the Jersey coast included the poets Joseph Upper, Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney (and their lovely little daughter Lucia), and William Sawyer . . . . . Add to your list of verse critics Harold Kerr, 5742 Leland Ave., Chicago . . . . Miss

Helen Rhoda Hoopes, on the teaching staff of the University of Kansas, dares the very gods when she declaims against the sentimentality of Joyce Kilmer'ss poem "Trees." She thinks it's "simply terrible," especially the line, "A nest of robins in her hair." Robin Lampson agrees with Miss Hoopes, in his Berkeley, Calif., newspaper column, "The Poetic Viewpoint," when he refers to "Trees" as a "jingle" of the sort that should go "only into ditty anthologies." And along comes Lolly Williams with this devastating quartrain, quoted in Henry Harrison's "Crazy Quilt" in *Poetry World*:

I think that I shall never see
The end of poems about a tree.
We all love trees, but it's a sin
The way the poets rub it in.

Poetry in general, and the Catholic Poetry Society of America in particular, was bereaved in the death, on June 4th, of Fr. Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., President of the C. P. S. of A. . . . . Sylvester Dorian, poet, playwright and author of several successful biographies, and a member of the North Carolina Poetry Society, was killed in a motor wreck, April 24th.

PASTURE ON PARNASSUS

THE MODERNIST TREND IN SPANISH-AMERICAN POETRY—by G. Dundas Craig, (University of California Press, Berkeley-$4.00)

This unique volume of translations, including examples of all the different schools of Spanish-American poetry from Parnassianism to Creationism, contains the work of 87 writers. "In making the translations," writes the author in his preface, "I have tried to steer a middle course between the literal prose translation and the poetical paraphrase." This he has done, for the most part, with plesaing accuracy. Mr. Craig has paralleled each translated poem with the original Spanish, and his preface and comprehensive introduction, alone, are well worth the price of the book.

In forecasting the future of Spanish- American poeetry, the author says, "If ever there were a soil more favorable to the production of a work of supreme genius, it is there. Moreover, in these Latin-American republics, quite as much as in the United States, a fusion of the most diverse races and types is going on to an extent unequalled anywhere else in the world, and it is not fantastic to expect that .n a measurable time a new type will be evolved, with a new culture that may surpass anything hitherto known.

BACK TO THE NAMELESS ONE— by Frederick Kettner (Macoy Publishing Co., N. Y. - $1.50)

The poems in this collection, written in German and translated by Mary Siegrest in collaboration with the author, cover a wide range of experience interpreted through inspiring lines. The author himself is a colorful figure—a leader of youth, a student of truth and a follower of Spinoza, at the present time a director of the Biosophical Institute.

The translator's foreword is particularly illuminating, "I have consciously sought to avoid the pitfall of the religiose in interpreting," writes Miss Siegrist.... "These poems are medicinal, remedial to the soul... With the flash and quiver of an arrow, they send forth their divine challenge to all who are out upon the path, seeking out of tumult and confusion . . . a way toward conscious Godhood."

There are many thoughts worth passing on, if space permitted. The opening lines of "The Throne of Intelligence" are particularly significant:

> "As long as men attempt to live by the empty shell
> of illusion they will be blown by every wind."

TWO STATE ANTHOLOGIES— (Henry Harrison, publisher - $2.00 each)

OHIO POETS — foreword by George Elliston

So long as two are gathered together in the name of poetry, there will be anthologies, and with Henry Harrison to publish them in such manner as to make them put their best foot forward, who could blame the poets? Both the known and the unknown poets of Ohio present some commendable work. Such names as B. Y. Williams, Tessa Sweazy Webb, Marie Gilchrist, Beulah Allyne Bell, Theressa M. DeFosset, George Elliston Katherine Hunter Coe, and others are familiar to readers of peotry.

CONNECTICUT POETS— foreword by Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney

"There is always the certainty that even minor poems will find their admirers," states Mr. Harrison in his publisher's preface While minor poets seem to have taken over the bulk of this volume, there are some creditable poems noted among them. A number of authentic names also lend prestige to the collection of poetry that is for the most part nature lyrics. Such nationally known writers as Clinton Scollard, Jessie B. Rittenhouse, Wilbert Snow, Anna Hempstead Barnch, Marion Canby, Amanda Benjamin Hall, Roselle Mercier Montgomery, James Rorty, Winifred Welles, etc. appear in this anthology, and the poems of Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney, as well as their comprehensive introduction to the volume, are among the pleasing inclusions.

M. L. S.

BOOKS RECEIVED — TO BE REVIEWED

DISCOVERING POETRY —Elizabeth Drew (W. W. Norton & Co.)
STAR-GAZER —a biographical essay of J. Graydon Jeffries, with poems by Benjamin Musser (Driftwind Press)
OPEN WINDOWS —E. Mary Probstfield (Kaleidograph Press)
CABIN FOR TWO —Paul Waterman (Dorrance & Co., Inc.)
SONGS OF THE SOUL —Mary Althea Woodward (Stratford Co.)
OCEAN HAUNTS —Burt Franklin Jenness (Empire Pub. Co.)
STRANGE EXODUS —Marian Doyle (Lantern Publishing Co.)
VEILED EROS —Archibald Rutledge (Henry Harrison)
LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN —Abby Crawford Milton (Oglethorpe University Press)
SIX OF ONE —Joseph Joel Keith and others (Kaleidograph Press)
THIRTY PIECES —Sydney Salt (Caravel Press, Majorca, Spain)
FOUR LEAF CLOVER —Frederick E. Keller (Dorrance & Co.)
ETERNAL QUEST —May Roberts Clark (Dorrance & Co.)
THE SILVER CORD —Susanne R. McDonald, Beverley Hills, Calif.
SALMAGUNDI —Erskine X. Heatherley, (Reidsville, N. C.)
THE WAY OF BEAUTY (Third Edition) —Mary S. Fitzgerald, (Kaleidograph Press)

Dr. W. F. Shallenberger, of Atlanta, husband of Laura Boyd Shallenberger, nationally known poet, and a dear friend of this editor's Johns Hopkins days—and since, offers a prize of $25.00 for the best sea poem published in BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE during the calendar year, 1934. The judges to be nationally known poets.

Mrs. Harry G. Poole, prominent club woman of Atlanta, and a lover of the arts, offers a prize of $25.00 for the best lyric published in BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE during the calendar year, 1934. This prize is to be known as "The Frank L. Stanton Memorial Prize." The judges are to be nationally known poets.

A copy of FLORIDA POETS (Miami Press Anthology) is offered by Etta Josephean Murfey for the quatrain in the May-June issue receiving the highest number of votes from readers.

Sara Virginia Buckley offers a copy of her SHIPS SPRAY as a prize for the best lyric published in BOZART this year—she to be the judge.

Helen Harriet Salls offers a copy of her PENSIVE CITADELS for the lyric published in BOZART during 1934, best expressing the spirit of universal brotherhood. The donor to be the judge.

Florence Wilson Roper, Petersburg, Virginia, offers an autographed copy of her book, A KISS FOR JUDAS, for the poem she likes best in the July-August issue of this magazine.